SEPTEMBER 10¢

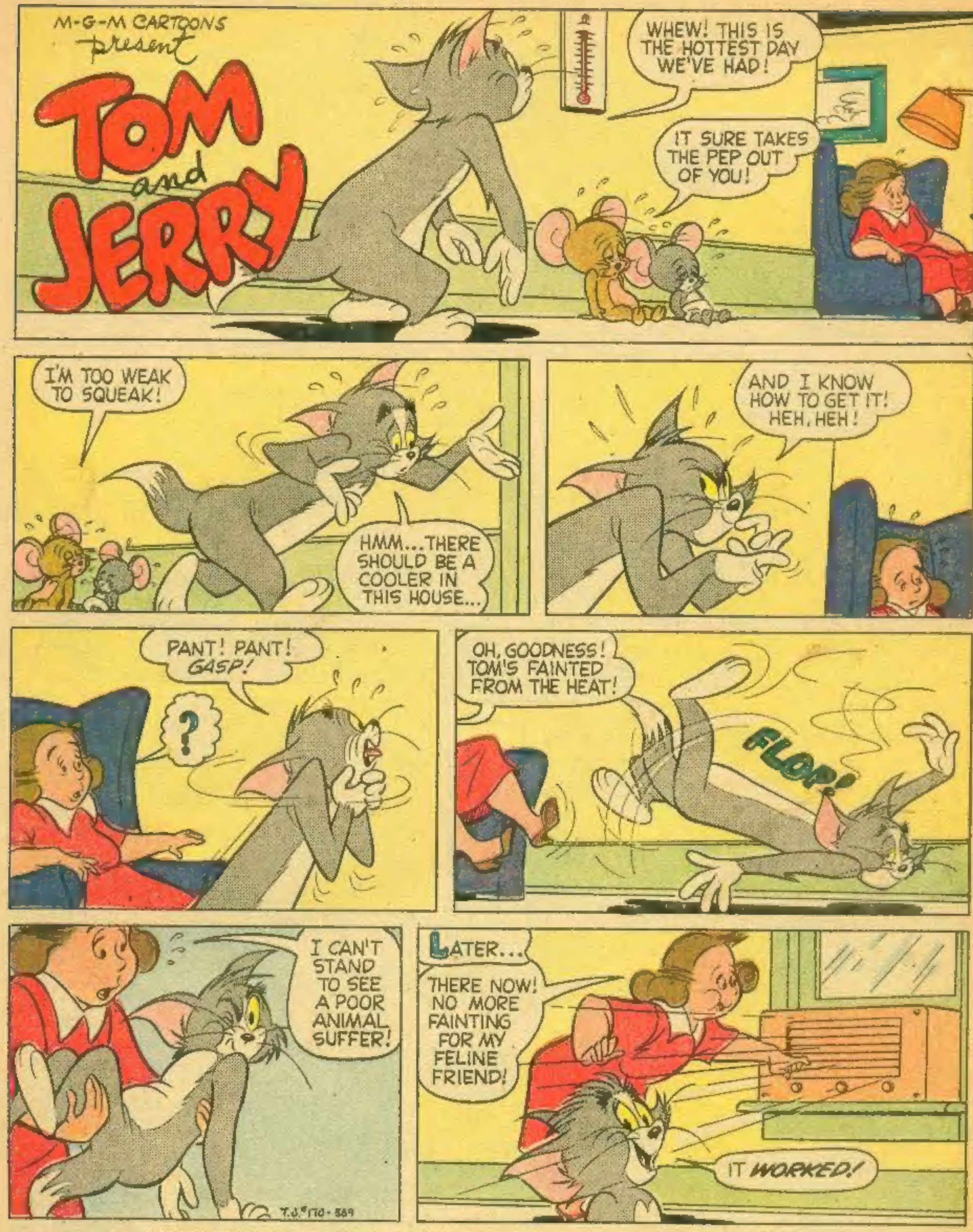
DELL

M.G.M.'s

Tom and Jerry Comics

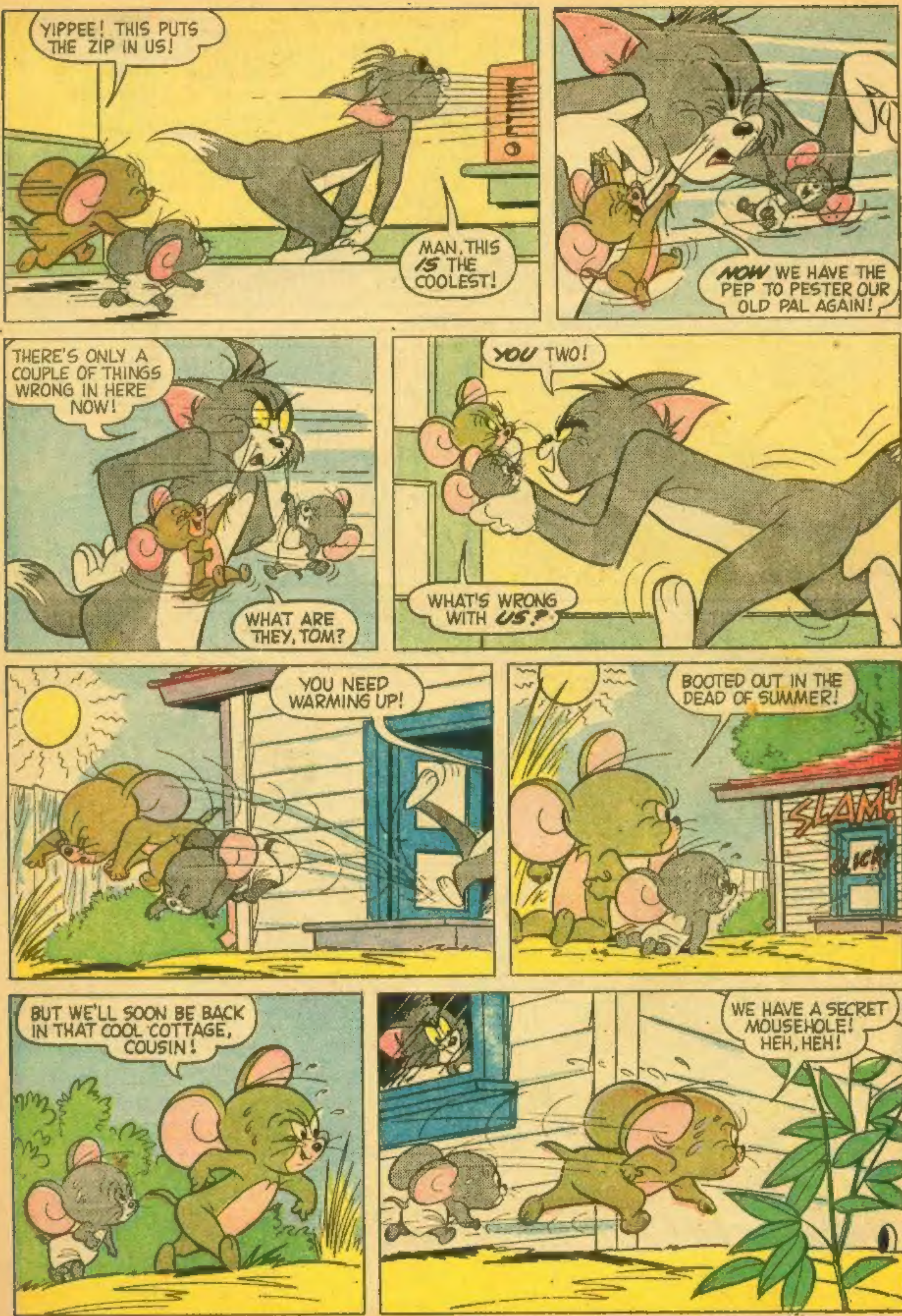



DROOPY
ZZZZ
ALL DELIVERIES IN REAR
FIRST AID
ALL DELIVERIES IN REAR
FIRST AID

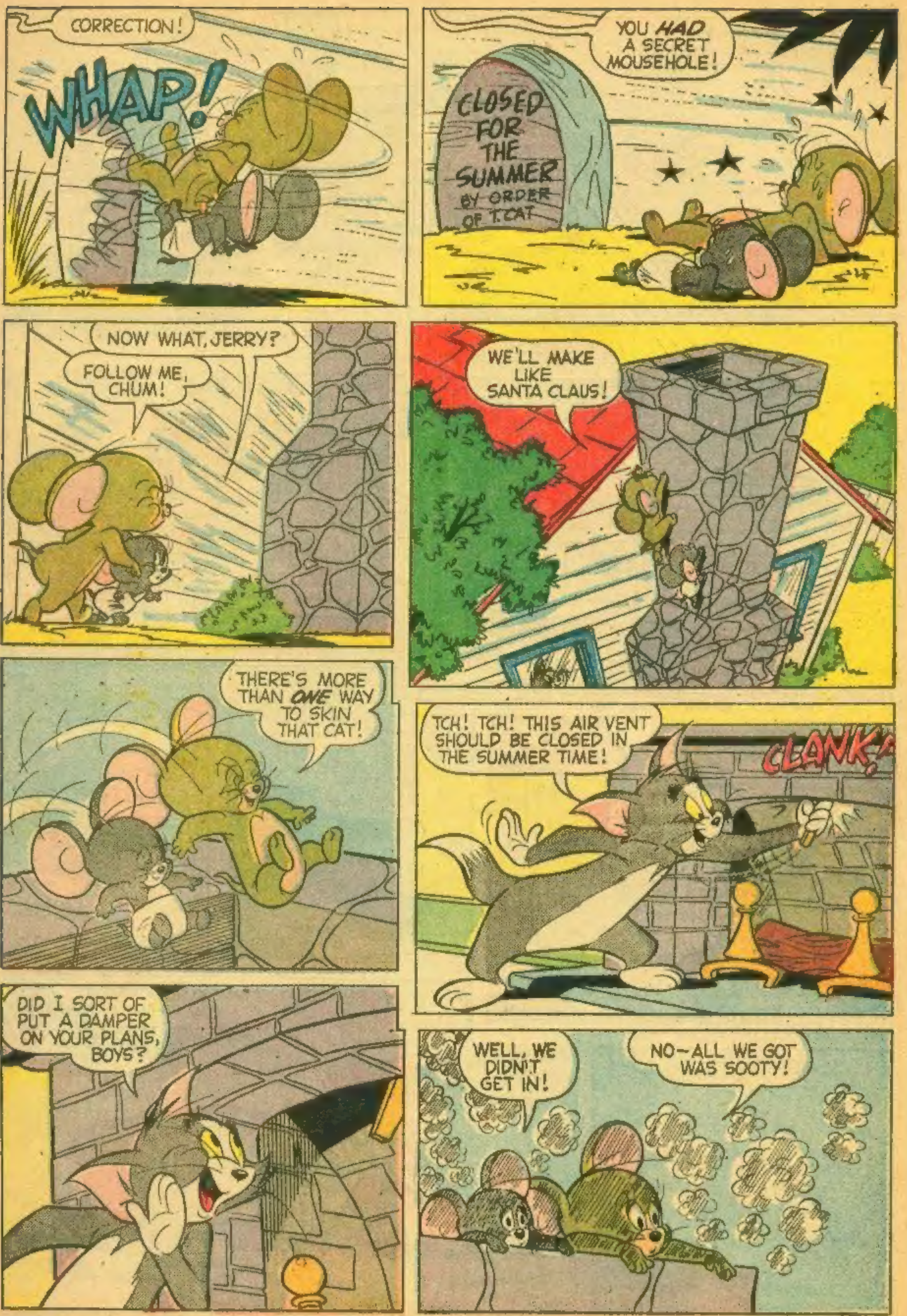


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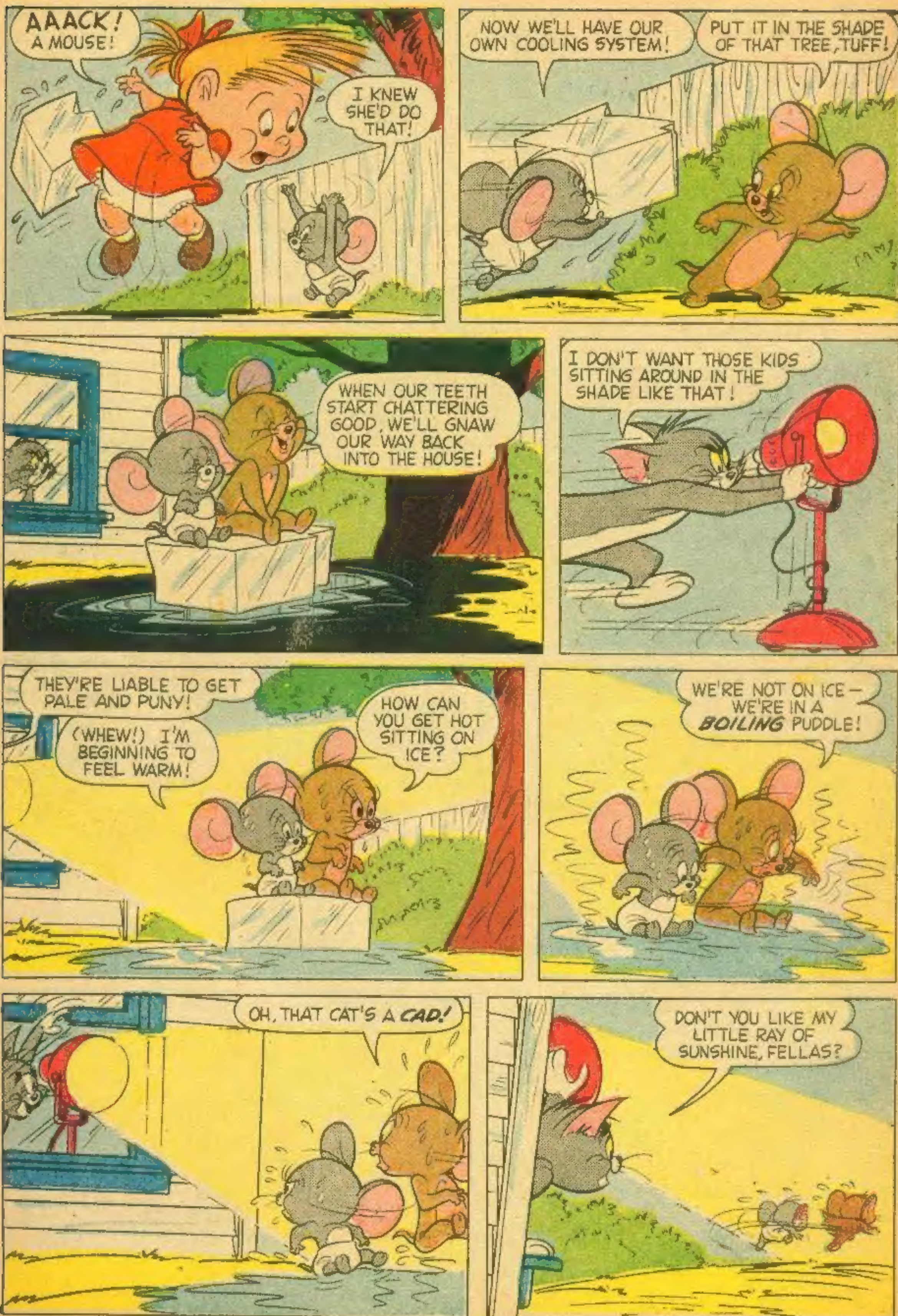
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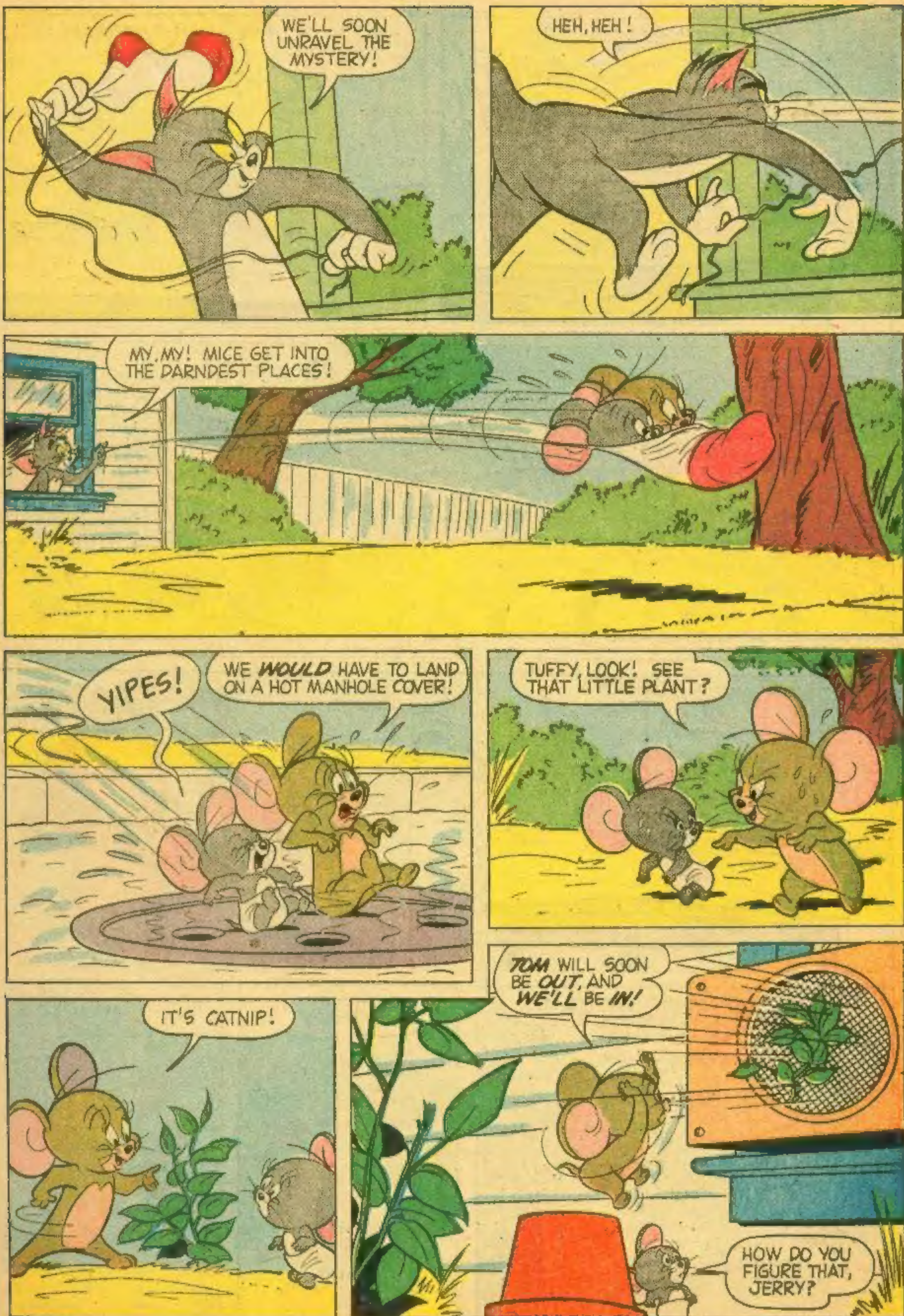
YIPPEE! THIS PUTS THE ZIP IN US!
MAN, THIS *IS* THE COOLEST!
NOW WE HAVE THE PEP TO PESTER OUR OLD PAL AGAIN!
THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE OF THINGS WRONG IN HERE NOW!
WHAT ARE THEY, TOM?
YOU TWO!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH *US?*
YOU NEED WARMING UP!
BOOTED OUT IN THE DEAD OF SUMMER!
SLAM!
BUT WE'LL SOON BE BACK IN THAT COOL COTTAGE, COUSIN!
WE HAVE A SECRET MOUSEHOLE! HEH, HEH!


CORRECTION!
WHAP!
YOU HAD A SECRET MOUSEHOLE!
CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER BY ORDER OF T. CAT
NOW WHAT, JERRY?
FOLLOW ME, CHUM!
WE'LL MAKE LIKE SANTA CLAUS!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN THAT CAT!
TCH! TCH! THIS AIR VENT SHOULD BE CLOSED IN THE SUMMER TIME!
CLANK!
DID I SORT OF PUT A DAMPER ON YOUR PLANS, BOYS?
WELL, WE DIDN'T GET IN!
NO—ALL WE GOT WAS SOOTY!

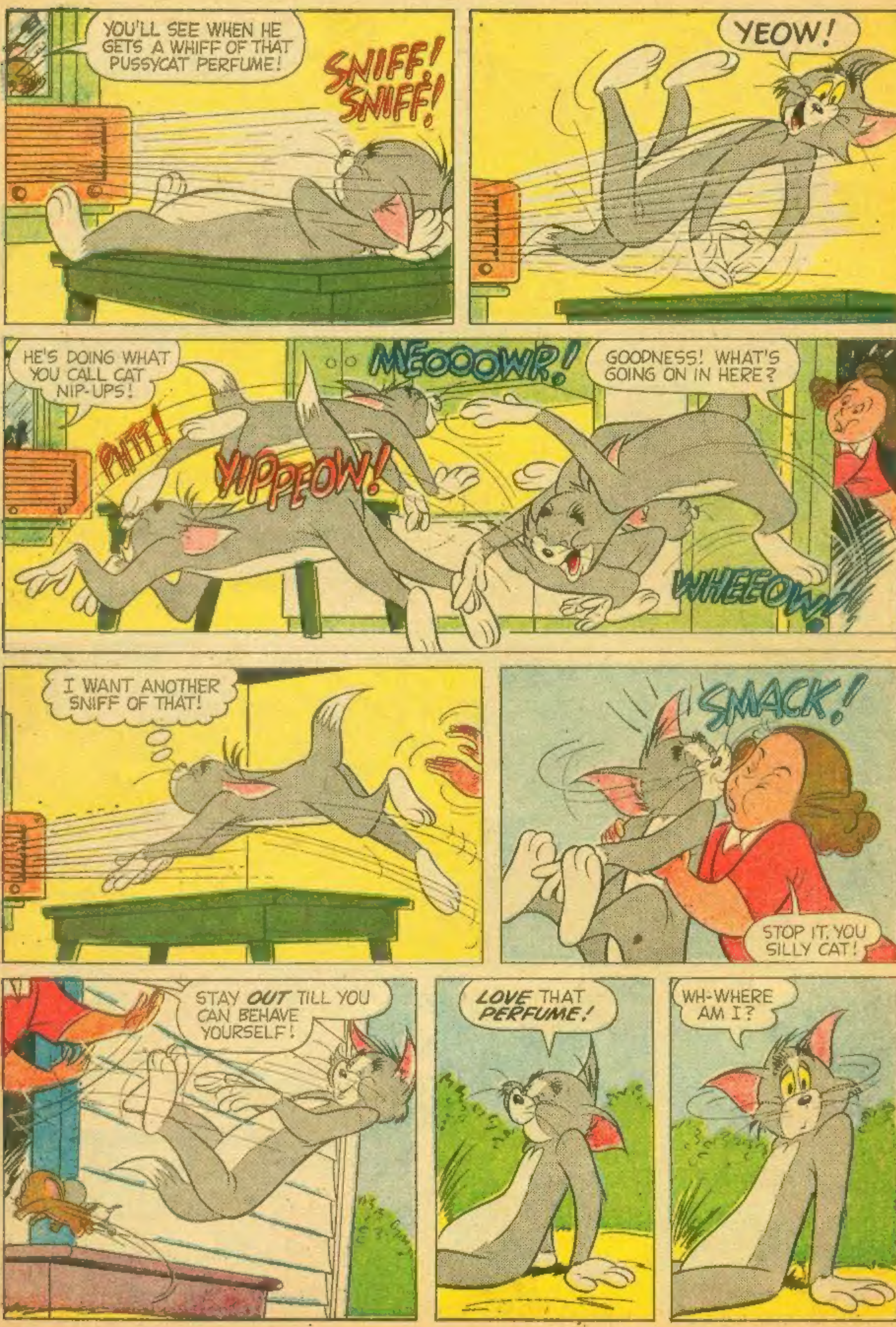

WE'VE GOT TO GET WASHED UP!
THERE'S WATER IN THE RAIN BARREL!
WE CAN GET CLEAN...
CHUCKLE!
AND COOL AT THE SAME TIME!
OUCH!
I WAS SURE I SAW WATER IN THAT BARREL!
WELL, WE KNOCKED THE SOOT OFF, ANYWAY!
LOOK, JERRY!
I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET COOLED OFF!
ICE


AAACK! A MOUSE!
I KNEW SHE'D DO THAT!
NOW WE'LL HAVE OUR OWN COOLING SYSTEM!
PUT IT IN THE SHADE OF THAT TREE, TUFF!
WHEN OUR TEETH START CHATTERING GOOD, WE'LL GNAW OUR WAY BACK INTO THE HOUSE!
I DON'T WANT THOSE KIDS SITTING AROUND IN THE SHADE LIKE THAT!
THEY'RE LIABLE TO GET PALE AND PUNY!
(WHEW!) I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL WARM!
HOW CAN YOU GET HOT SITTING ON ICE?
WE'RE NOT ON ICE — WE'RE IN A BOILING PUDDLE!
OH, THAT CAT'S A CAD!
DON'T YOU LIKE MY LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE, FELLAS?

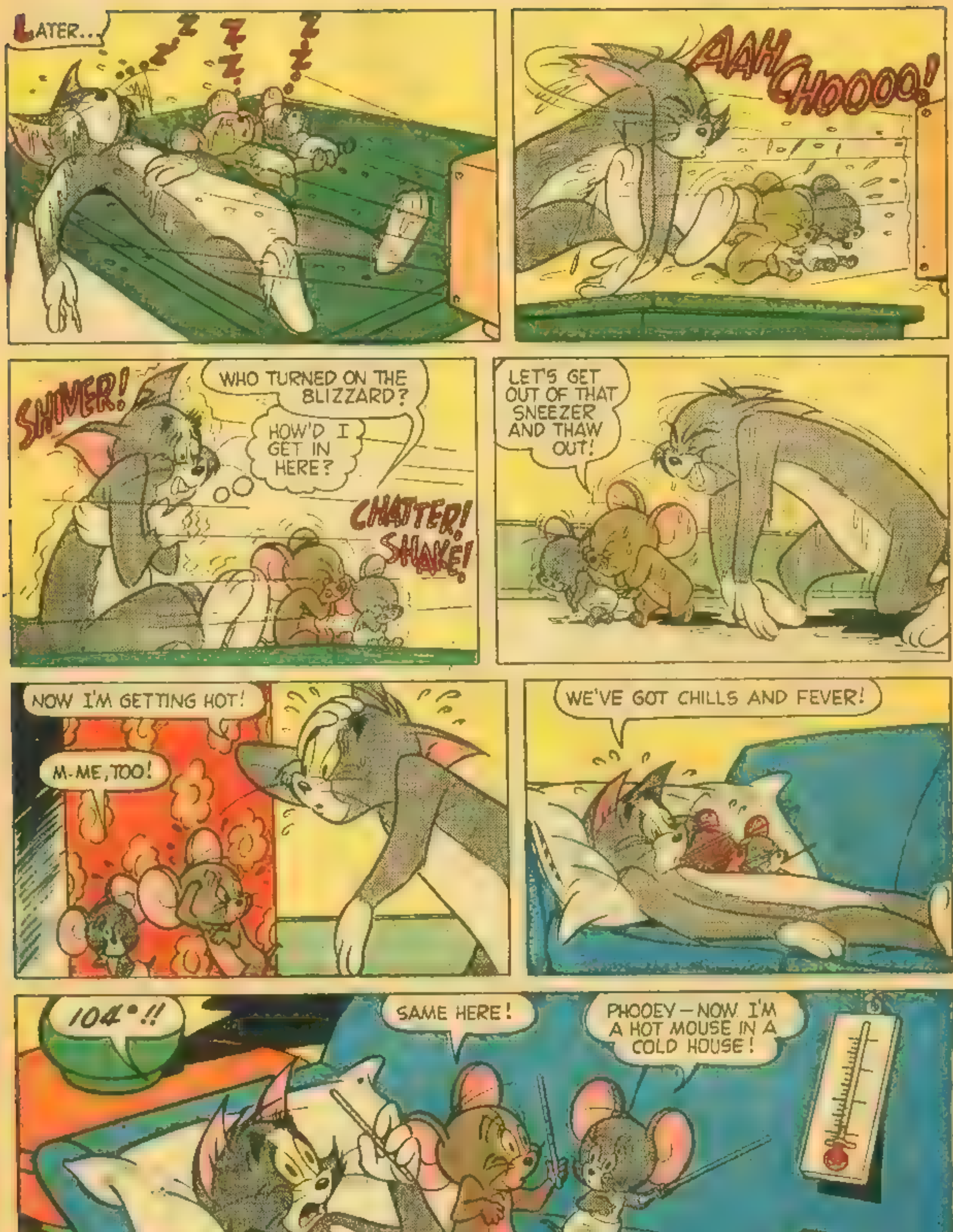

TUFFY, IF IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, THE MISTRESS WOULD TAKE IN THESE CLOTHES—RIGHT?
I GET IT!
SO WE'LL MAKE HER THINK IT'S GOING TO SHOWER!
BURNING TAR PAPER MAKES SWELL CLOUDS!
AND AS FOR THE RUMBLE OF THUNDER...
YOU CAN'T BEAT AN OLD PIECE OF TIN!
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
GOODNESS! IT'S GOING TO RAIN!
RUMBLE!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A MOUSE-MADE STORM TO ME!
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS SOCK, AND IT ISN'T A FOOT!
IT'LL BE INTERESTING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT COULD CONTAIN!



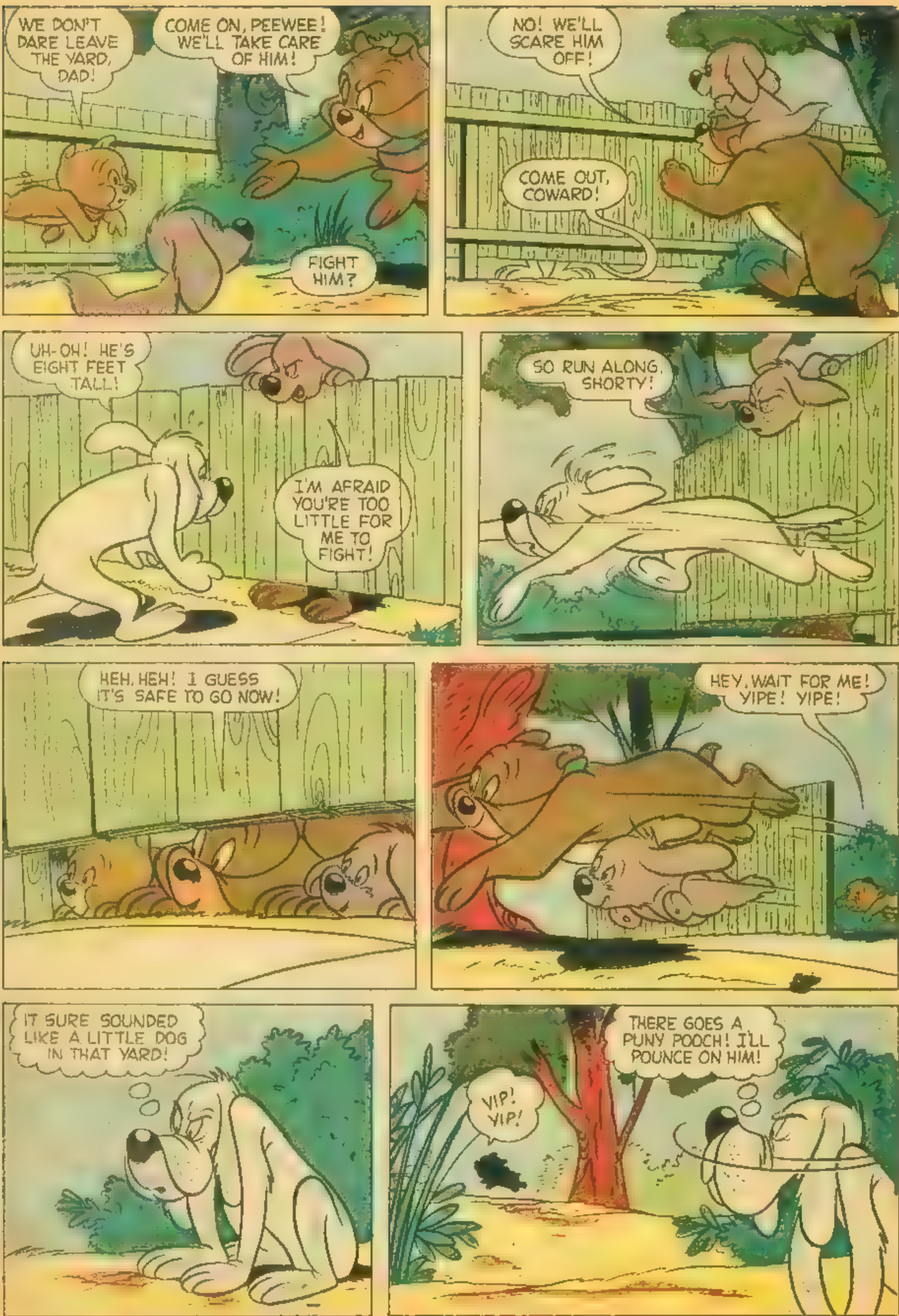
WE'LL SOON UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY!
HEH, HEH!
MY, MY! MICE GET INTO THE DARNDEST PLACES!
YIPES!
WE WOULD HAVE TO LAND ON A HOT MANHOLE COVER!
TUFFY, LOOK! SEE THAT LITTLE PLANT?
IT'S CATNIP!
TOM WILL SOON BE OUT, AND WE'LL BE IN!
HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT, JERRY?

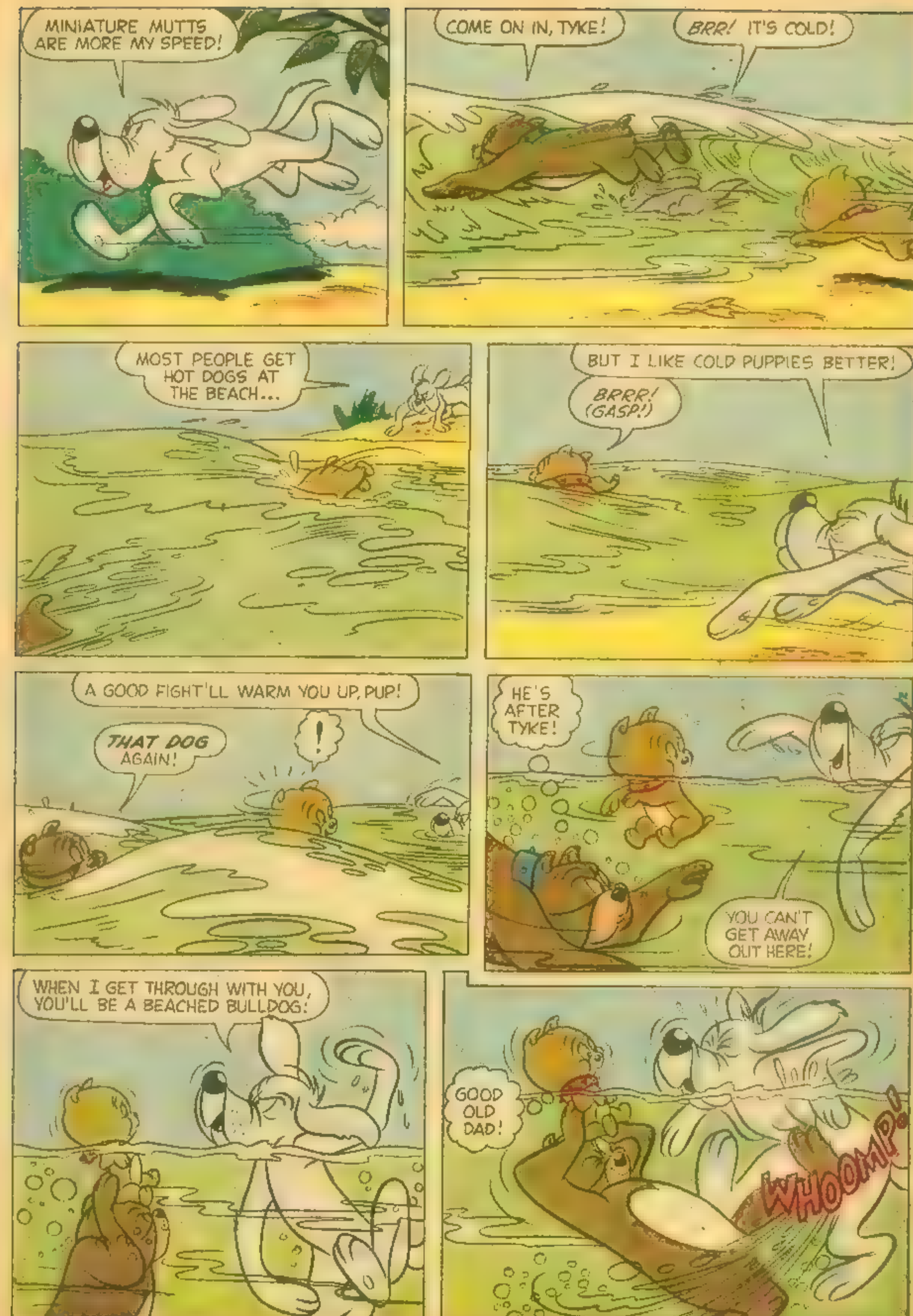

YOU'LL SEE WHEN HE GETS A WHIFF OF THAT PUSSYCAT PERFUME!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
YEOW!
HE'S DOING WHAT YOU CALL CAT NIP-UPS!
MEOOOWR!
PHTT!
YIPPEOW!
GOODNESS! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?
WHEEOW!
I WANT ANOTHER SNIFF OF THAT!
SMACK!
STOP IT, YOU SILLY CAT!
STAY OUT TILL YOU CAN BEHAVE YOURSELF!
LOVE THAT PERFUME!
WH-WHERE AM I?

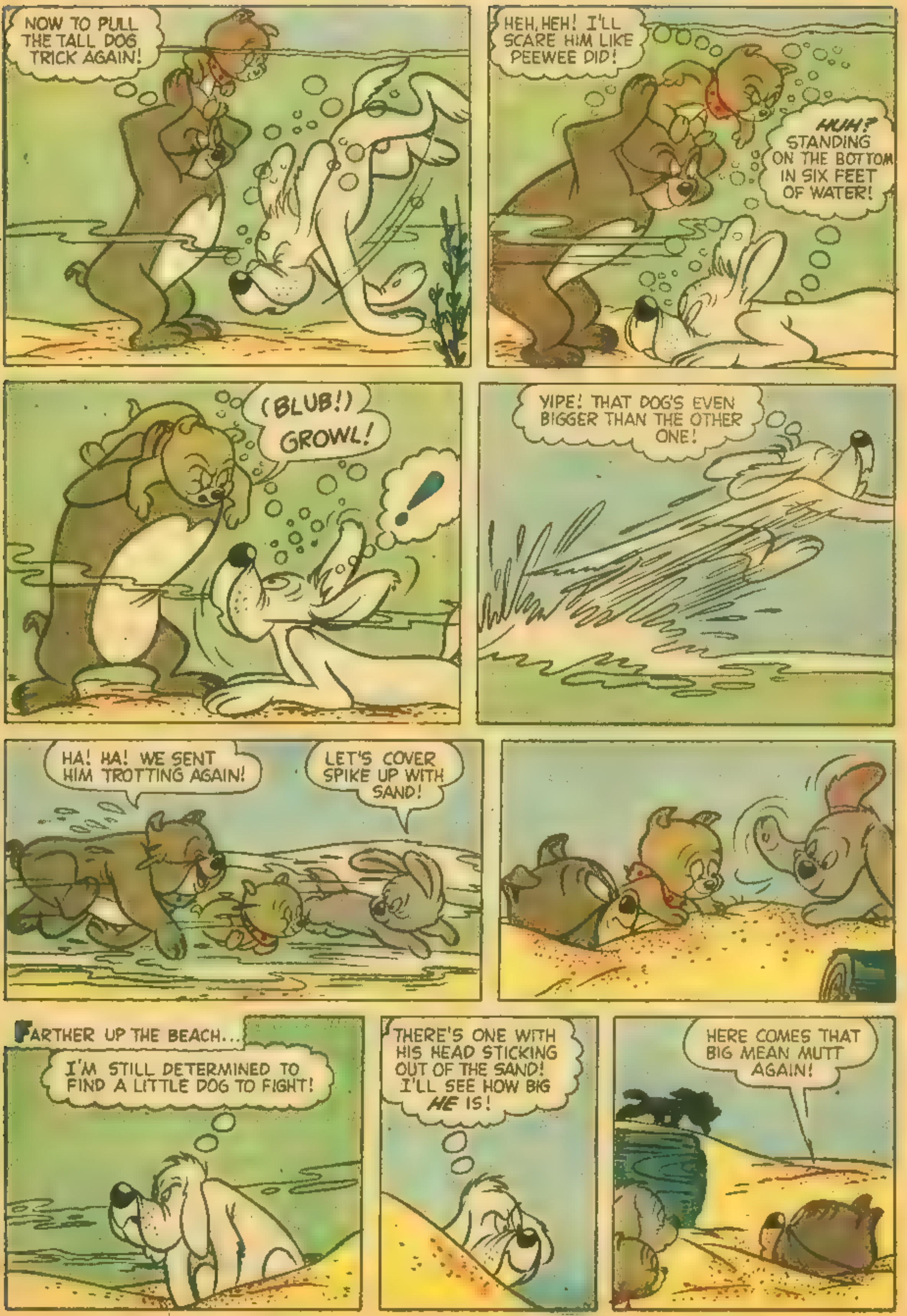

HI, THOMPSON! HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SCENT WE SENT?
SO!
NOW I MUST SEND THEM SOMETHING!
HEH, HEH! DRY ICE FOR SLY MICE!
DRY ICE
IF I CAN'T ROAST 'EM, I'LL FREEZE 'EM!
THEY'LL SOON BE TWO LITTLE MICICLES!
HATE TO GO OUT IN THIS HEAT...BUT I MUST!
AW, POOR OLD TOM! THE HEAT GOT HIM AGAIN!
WHEN HE COOLS OFF, HE'LL BE OKAY!
DINGA-LING!

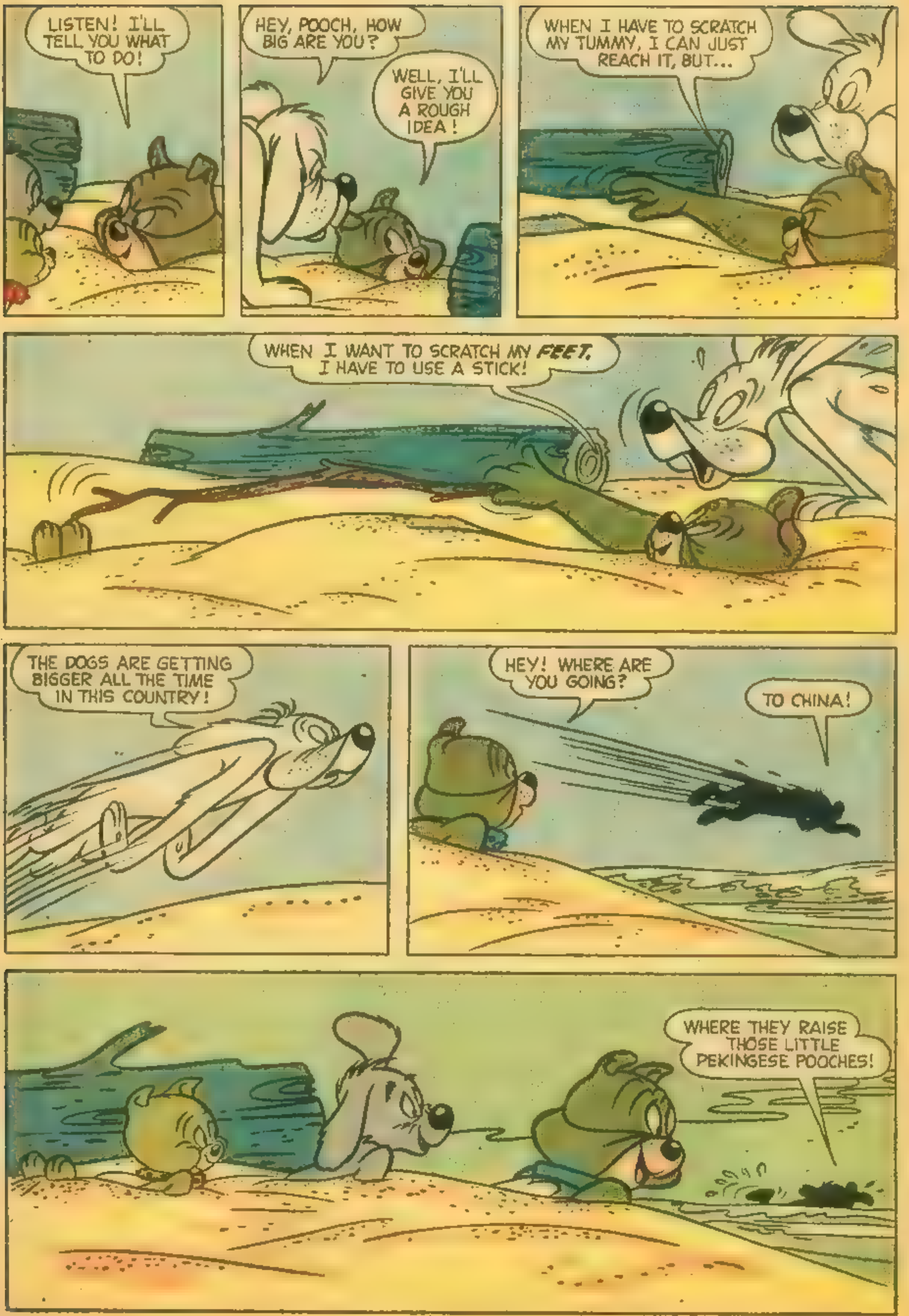

LATER...
AAH CHOOOO!
SHIVER!
WHO TURNED ON THE BLIZZARD?
HOW'D I GET IN HERE?
CHATTER! SHAKE!
LET'S GET OUT OF THAT SNEEZER AND THAW OUT!
NOW I'M GETTING HOT!
M-ME, TOO!
WE'VE GOT CHILLS AND FEVER!
104°!!
SAME HERE!
PHOOEY—NOW I'M A HOT MOUSE IN A COLD HOUSE!

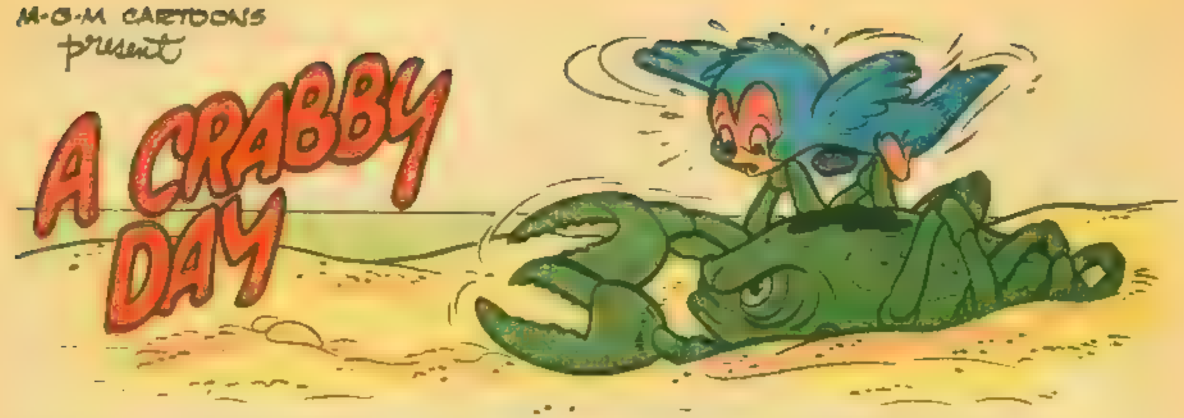

M-G-M CARTOONS
present
BIG SPIKE and LITTLE TYKE
HI, PEEWEE!
HEY, FELLOWS, LET'S TAKE A TROT DOWN TO THE BEACH!
I FEEL MEAN TODAY! WISH I COULD FIND A DOG TO FIGHT!
GOING TO THE BEACH IS A DANDY IDEA!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO FIGHT A BIG DOG, OF COURSE!
HOW ABOUT YOU, TYKE?
COUNT ME IN, PEEWEE!
HMM... SOUNDS LIKE A COUPLE OF PUPS!
I THINK IT WOULD BE FUN!
HEY, YOU IN THERE!
I DARE ONE OF YOU TO COME OUT AND FIGHT!
???
(GULP!) THAT MUTT'S A MONSTER!


WE DON'T DARE LEAVE THE YARD, DAD!
COME ON, PEEWEE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
FIGHT HIM?
NO! WE'LL SCARE HIM OFF!
COME OUT, COWARD!
UH-OH! HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO LITTLE FOR ME TO FIGHT!
SO RUN ALONG, SHORTY!
HEH, HEH! I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO GO NOW!
HEY, WAIT FOR ME! YIPE! YIPE!
IT SURE SOUNDED LIKE A LITTLE DOG IN THAT YARD!
VIP! VIP!
THERE GOES A PUNY POOCH! I'LL POUNCE ON HIM!


MINIATURE MUTTS ARE MORE MY SPEED!
COME ON IN, TYKE!
BRR! IT'S COLD!
MOST PEOPLE GET HOT DOGS AT THE BEACH...
BUT I LIKE COLD PUPPIES BETTER!
BRRR! (GASP!)
A GOOD FIGHT'LL WARM YOU UP, PUP!
THAT DOG AGAIN!
!
HE'S AFTER TYKE!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY OUT HERE!
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE A BEACHED BULLDOG!
GOOD OLD DAD!
WHOOMP!


NOW TO PULL THE TALL DOG TRICK AGAIN!
HEH, HEH! I'LL SCARE HIM LIKE PEEWEE DID!
HUH? STANDING ON THE BOTTOM IN SIX FEET OF WATER!
(BLUB!) GROWL!
!
YIPE! THAT DOG'S EVEN BIGGER THAN THE OTHER ONE!
HA! HA! WE SENT HIM TROTTING AGAIN!
LET'S COVER SPIKE UP WITH SAND!
FARTHER UP THE BEACH...
I'M STILL DETERMINED TO FIND A LITTLE DOG TO FIGHT!
THERE'S ONE WITH HIS HEAD STICKING OUT OF THE SAND! I'LL SEE HOW BIG HE IS!
HERE COMES THAT BIG MEAN MUTT AGAIN!


LISTEN! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO!
HEY, POOCH, HOW BIG ARE YOU?
WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A ROUGH IDEA!
WHEN I HAVE TO SCRATCH MY TUMMY, I CAN JUST REACH IT, BUT...
WHEN I WANT TO SCRATCH MY *FEET,* I HAVE TO USE A STICK!
THE DOGS ARE GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME IN THIS COUNTRY!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO CHINA!
WHERE THEY RAISE THOSE LITTLE PEKINGESE POOCHES!



"Chee," Bertie Bird twittered happily to his brother, Billie, as the two little bluebirds soared through the air towards the beach. "It's a beautiful day!"

"Let's keep it that way," Billie grunted, landing on the warm sand. "Just for once, *please* stay out of trouble!"

Bertie skidded to a halt beside his brother. Digging his toes into the sand, he murmured ecstatically, "How can you even think of trouble on a day like this?"

"With you around," Billie said darkly, "it's easy." He eyed his brother anxiously. "What's up?" he demanded. "You're getting that look already!"

Bertie Bird sniffed the air hungrily. "I smell food," he exclaimed. "It seems to be coming from over there." He took off speedily down the shore.

"Wait a minute, Bertie!" Billie cried, racing after his brother. "Don't you see those men with a big net over there?"

"That's where I'm headed," Bertie chirped, stopping in back of a group of men fishing along the shore. "They've brought their lunch! Maybe, if we sing a concert for them, they'll give us food!"

Just then, one of the men peered into the net and sighed. "Not many crabs around these waters!"

Bertie giggled. "He hasn't met you, has he, Billie?"

"Very funny," Billie muttered. "Just look inside that net and maybe you won't feel so humorous!"

At the sight of the great crawling crabs, Bertie shuddered. "But they *are* in a net," he said, regaining his good spirits rapidly. "And the sandwiches are here on the beach. Come on, Billie. We aren't in any danger. Sing!"

Billie warbled a few cautious notes. "That's it," Bertie cheered him on. "A tweet, tweet, tweet for something to eat!"

"Listen to the birds," one man grinned. "They must be hungry." He glanced at his watch. "Matter of fact, so am I."

"Me, too," another agreed. "And maybe, if we're lucky, we'll find a land crab while we're eating!"

If Bertie Bird had heeded this last remark, he might have saved himself a bad scare. But he was so happy to see the men opening their sandwiches, he could only think of food. "Sing up a storm now," he trilled to Billie.

The concert paid off. The men tossed bits of peanut butter sandwiches to the two little birds, who snapped up the crumbs eagerly.

"See," Bertie chirped to his brother. "I told you it would work!"

Suddenly, one of the men leaped to his feet and pointed toward Bertie. "Look!" he yelled. "Quick! Get the small net!"

"But I'm not a crab!" Bertie gulped.

"You're standing on one!" Billie cried. *"He's coming up from under the sand!"*

Bertie felt himself rising slowly. He was so frightened he could hardly breathe. "Oh, this is the end," he wailed as the men returned, carrying a net.

"Move, bird," one man shouted.

"Move, Bertie!" Billie pleaded.

Just then, the crab lifted one of his feelers. Bertie moved! He shot up into the air and didn't stop till he reached Apple Tree Lane. He closed his ears to Billie's scolding. They were safe and full. No point in being crabby!


M-G-M CARTOONS Present
BARNEY BEAR
with
FUZZY and WUZZY
BOY, AM I GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO DRIVE ANYWHERE TODAY!
CHUG! CHUG!
SWOOSH!
I'D BE A FOOL TO GET OUT IN THAT TRAFFIC!
UNCLE BARNEY'S OUTSIDE, SO IT'S A GOOD TIME TO TRY OUT OUR GAS BUCKET, HUH, FUZZY?
GAS
YUP! HE'D NEVER LET US RUN IT IN THE HOUSE!
HEY, HERE HE COMES!
QUICK! SHOVE IT UNDER THE COUCH!
HE'LL NEVER SEE IT THERE!
BOYS, I'VE DECIDED TO SPEND A NICE, QUIET DAY AT HOME!
THE ONLY TRIP I'LL TAKE TODAY WILL BE TO DREAMLAND!


NO CHUGGING MOTORS! NO GAS FUMES! (YAWN!)
HOW'LL WE GET OUR CAR OUT?
WE CAN'T LIFT THE COUCH WITH HIM ON IT!
Z
I'LL SEE IF I CAN PULL IT OUT!
OOPS! I PUSHED THE STARTER BUTTON!
Z
POP! POP!
(GULP!) WE CAN'T STOP IT!
Z
HONK
RRRRR
SPUTTER!
Z
OH, WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHOP!
HONK!
HITTING THAT POST GOT US STEERED RIGHT!
HONK!
HEH, HEH! I'M HAVING A SILLY NIGHTMARE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP THIS DREAM BOAT, BUT IF I GIVE THE HAND SIGNAL...
STOP
RIGHT TURN PERMITTED ON RED LIGHT
UH-OH! LOOK, WUZZY!
A CAR'S GOING TO HIT US!
HONK!
SCREECH!
DREAMS ARE SCREWY! I SIGNALED RIGHT AND TURNED LEFT! HA! HA!
WHAP!
A VEHICLE LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED ON THE ROAD!
OFFICER, THAT BEAR WENT THROUGH A STOP!
UNCLE BARNEY, MAYBE WE'D BETTER JUMP OFF, HUH?
OF COURSE NOT! THIS IS MY DREAM AND I'M HAVING A BALL!
HE HASN'T ANY LICENSE PLATES, EITHER!
SPUT
POP!
POP
I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM A WAYS AND WATCH HIM!
THAT SIGN, UNCLE BARNEY!
NOT A THROUGH STREET
SIGNS DON'T MEAN A THING IN DREAMS!
HEH, HEH!


THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
IT'S A THROUGH STREET NOW!
UH-OH! THE BLUE AND BRASS!
CRASH!
STOP! A COP!
I STOPPED!
WHAP!
IT JARRED THE CAR LOOSE!
I'M GIVING YOU A TICKET FOR GOING THROUGH A STOP, NO COUCH LICENSE...
RECKLESS DRIVING AND LET'S SEE...
I'LL PINCH MYSELF AND WAKE UP BEFORE HE GIVES ME THE TICKET!
OUCH!
AACK! YOU SCARED ME!
THAT'S ONE MORE THING! FRIGHTENING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!
THIS ISN'T A DREAM?


NOW GET THIS THING HOME!
AND I DON'T MEAN DRIVE IT!
Y-YES, SIR!
PANT! PANT!
POOR UNCLE BARNEY! AND IT'S ALL OUR FAULT!
WE'LL SEE THAT HE TAKES A NICE REST WHEN HE GETS HOME!
NOW YOU GET RIGHT ON THAT COUCH AND LIE DOWN, UNC!
I WILL, BOYS!
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO FIRST!
NOW IF THE THING STARTS UP, I AT LEAST CAN STEER AND STOP IT!
HMM...NO, I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER DO IT AGAIN!


M-G-M CARTOONS present
WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
YOU FELLERS SURE BUILT A JIM-DANDY COACH... AND IT PULLS EASY, TOO!
NOW ALL WE NEED IS A PASSENGER AND WE'RE IN BUSINESS!
EARLY STAGE COACH LINE
MOST EVERY DAY SOMEBODY PASSES BY ON FOOT!
TICKET OFFICE
HMM! HERE COMES A PROSPECT ON HANDS AND KNEES!
SHH! SHH!
GOSH! HE'S SO HOT AND THIRSTY HE'S HISSING LIKE A STEAM KETTLE!
NO, NO! I'M TRAVELING LOWDOWN LIKE THIS SO THE AWFUL FELLOW FOLLOWING BACK THERE CAN'T SEE ME!
COACH LINE
OH-OH! IT'S TRUE, THE BANDITS LIKE TO PICK ON TRAVELING TENDERFEET!
BUT WE CAN HELP YOU GET AWAY! HOW ABOUT BUYING A TICKET FOR OUR STAGECOACH?
TICKET OFFICE
I'LL BUY THE WHOLE ROLL! JUST GET ME FAR-AWAY FROM HERE, DOUBLE QUICK!
YES, SIR! RAPID SERVICE IS OUR SLOGAN!
ALL ABOARD!


GIDDUP, HARRY!
ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN'T PULL THE COACH WITH A MOB LIKE YOU ON IT!
BUT I'M THE DRIVER!
I'M THE GUARD!
AND YOU'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS WITHOUT ME!
OH, PSHAW! WHY DIDN'T WE GO INTO THE KIND OF STAGE BUSINESS THAT HAS ACTORS ON IT?
(ULP!) WELL, IF WE DON'T MOVE QUICK THE COUGAR KID WILL GIVE US THE BUSINESS!
HE'S GOT PRETTY FAST TRANSPORTATION...
...HIS OWN TWO FEET!
WELL, NOW... THAT'S BETTER!
YEAH! BUT HE'S GAINING ON US!
SAMMY! YOU'RE THE GUARD... OPEN FIRE!
OKAY, BUT IT WON'T DO MUCH GOOD...
THIS IS JUST A POP-GUN FOR SCARING OFF LITTLE PESTY VARMINTS... LIKE HORSEFLIES!
HAW! HERE'S REAL LEAD!
POP!
BANG!
TWANG!
YOWIE! WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS I CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE SAFE PLACE.. MY RABBIT HOLE!
CRASH
OOPS! I FORGOT I HAD ALL THAT TAGGING ALONG BEHIND!
RABBIT AND FAMILY
GROAN! WE'RE SUNK... GROUNDED, BUT GOOD!
REACH FOR THE BLUE!

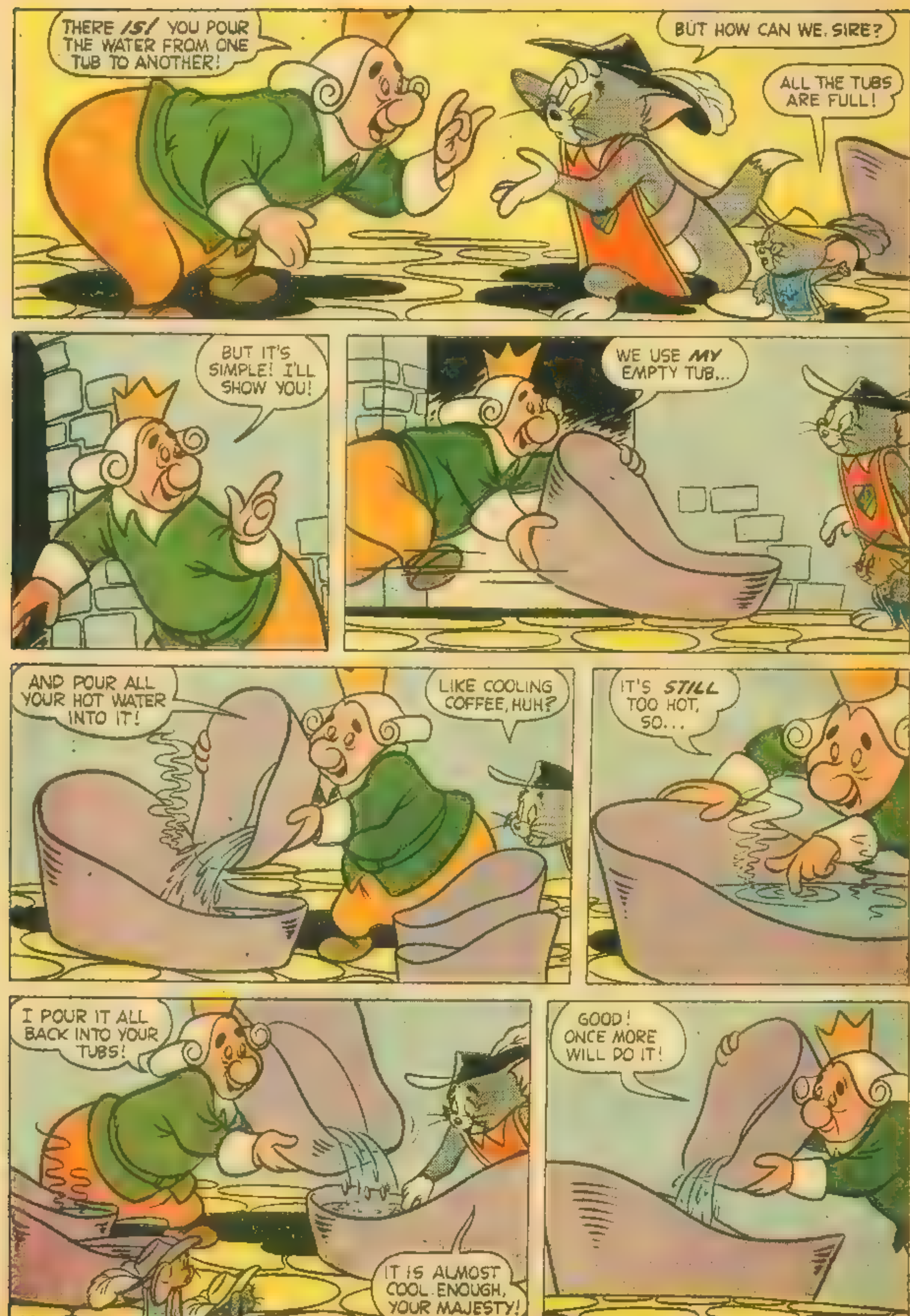

WE'RE STUCK UP!
HERE! TAKE MY MONEY... JUST D-DON'T SHOOT!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS STUFF?
M-MY OIL PAINTS! I'M AN ARTIST, YOU SEE!... CAME OUT HERE TO PAINT THE L-LOVELY SCENERY!
HMM!
HAW! C'MON, ARTEEST! THIS IS THE BEST HAUL I EVER MADE!
HUH? SINCE WHEN IS THE COUGAR KID INTERESTED IN ART?
WHO CARES?
THE AWFUL-NESS OF THIS IS THAT WE'VE LOST OUR FIRST CUSTOMER!
WE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE WITH THIS KIND OF REPUTATION!
I LIKED THE GUY, TOO!
COME ON! LET'S TRAIL THEM AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT EXACTLY WHY THE COUGAR KID WANTS OUR ARTIST FRIEND!
THERE'S ONE OF THOSE REWARD POSTERS WITH AN AWFUL PICTURE OF ME ON IT!
WANTED!
COUGAR KID
IT DOESN'T DO ME JUSTICE! GET TO WORK ON IT!
SO THAT'S IT!
Y-YES, SIR!
AND SHORTLY...
ON TO THE NEXT UGLY POSTER! THERE ARE DOZENS OF 'EM!
GOSH! HE RE-DID IT INTO A BEAUTIFUL, FULL-COLOR OIL PAINTING.. WITH A FANCY FRAME!
WANTED!
COUGAR KID
LET'S GET THE SHERIFF!



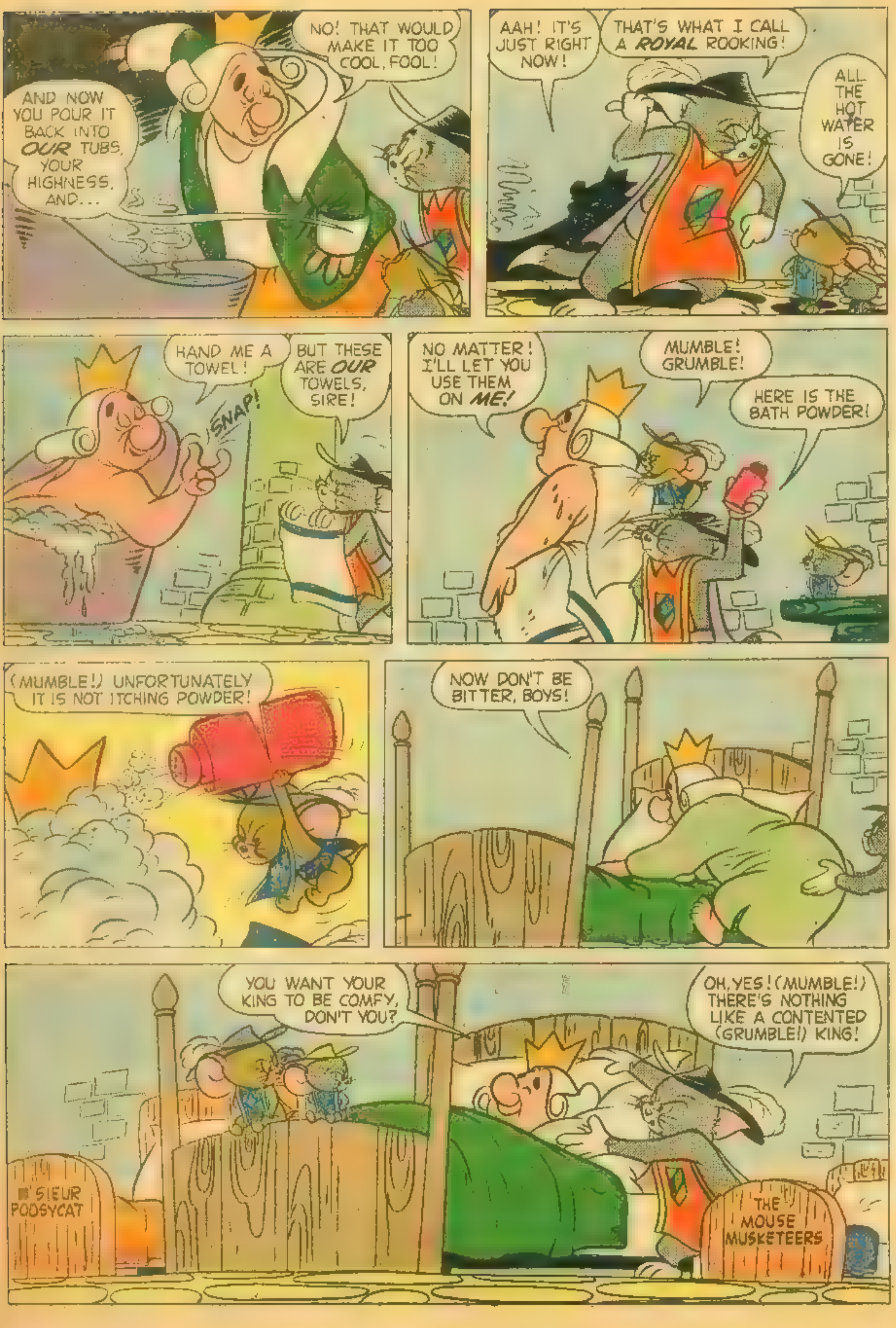
NO! IF THE SHERIFF SHOWS UP THERE WOULD SURE AS SHOOTIN' BE A HEAP OF SHOOTIN' AND THE ARTIST MIGHT GET HURT!
BUT PUNY, UNARMED, AND SCARED LITTLE US CAN'T TACKLE THAT DESPERADO!
KEEP PAINTING! I WANT MY REWARD POSTER PICTURES JUST AS PRETTY AS I AM!
HMM! BUT SEEING AS HOW HE'S SO PROUD OF HIMSELF... THAT MAY BE HIS WEAKNESS!
?
I'LL NEED PAINT, CANVAS, BRUSHES, AND A FEW OTHER ITEMS!
I THINK YOU NEED YOUR HEAD EXAMINED!
AND WHILE I'M PAINTING, YOU FIND OUT WHICH WAY THE COUGAR KID AND THE ARTIST ARE HEADING! WE'LL HAVE TO GET AHEAD OF THEM WITH THIS PAINTING!
OKAY! I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS!
WUFF
AND UMPTEEN BRUSH STROKES LATER...
ON WITH THE POSTER PATCHIN', ARTIE OL' CHUM!
OH, MY ACHING FINGER BONES!
WANTE
COUGAR
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?! SOME UPSTART I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF, TRYING TO OUTDO ME!
Wanted, oh, so much!
The Cool Kid
HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF HIM AND HIS BIG FACE...
BRIP!
DRAT! MY PAW IS STUCK!
GRR! I'LL PULL IT FREE WITH MY OTHER PAW!
QUICK! YOU GET THAT ONE, SAMMY!
RIP!


Wanted oh, so much
COME ON, ARTIE! LET'S LEAVE THE COUGAR KID TO ADMIRE OUR ART WHILE WE GET THE SHERIFF!
GRR! I CAN'T PULL LOOSE!
AND LATER...
GOODY-GALORE! NOW THAT THE BANDIT IS IN JAIL I CAN FEEL SAFE TO TRAVEL ABOUT PAINTING LANDSCAPES!
NATURALLY, I'LL WANT TO GO ABOUT IN YOUR STAGECOACH, SO...
... ER, ANYTHING WRONG?
PLENTY!
I QUIT BEING THEIR HORSE! THE WORK WAS TOO HEAVY FOR ME!
AND THERE'S NOBODY ELSE AROUND WHO'S STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL THE STAGECOACH!
TSK-TSK!
RABBIT AND FAMILY and family
BUT I *DO* BELIEVE YOU'RE MISTAKEN! I'VE SEEN *ONE PERSON* WHO'S CERTAINLY CAPABLE OF PULLING THE STAGE!
YOU *DID?!*
WHO WHERE?!
WELL, I'M NOT SURE IF HE'S AVAILABLE, BUT I'LL SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE IT!
OH, BOY! YOU'RE TRUE BLUE CLEAR THROUGH!
SO...
HEH-HEH! IN A WAY YOU MIGHT SAY HE'S *HOLDING UP OUR STAGE* AGAIN!
AND WE ACTUALLY *ENCOURAGE* IT!
JAIL
HOW HUMILIATIN'!
NOT WANTED
YES! THE SHERIFF AGREED THAT HE NEEDS TO GET OUTDOORS FOR EXERCISE EVERY DAY!


M-G-M CARTOONS present
MOUSE MUSKETEERS
IT IS STARTING TO RAIN, M'SIEUR POOSYCAT!
YES! WE'D BETTER QUIT THE DUELING FOR THE DAY!
(SHIVER!) A NICE HOT BATH WILL FEEL GOOD NOW!
WE'LL HAVE THE POT BOILING IN A JIFFY!
LET US GET OUR TUBS!
OH, TWO MOUSE MUSKETEERS ARE WE...
AND M'SIEUR POOSYCAT MAKES THREE!
?
THERE'S JUST ENOUGH HOT WATER!
RUB-A-DUB DUB, THREE MEN IN A TUB—
LET US STOP JOKING AND START SOAKING, MON AMI!
OH-OH! TOO HOT!
IT'LL TAKE QUITE A WHILE TO COOL!
BUT THERE MUST BE A QUICK WAY TO COOL IT, POOSYCAT!

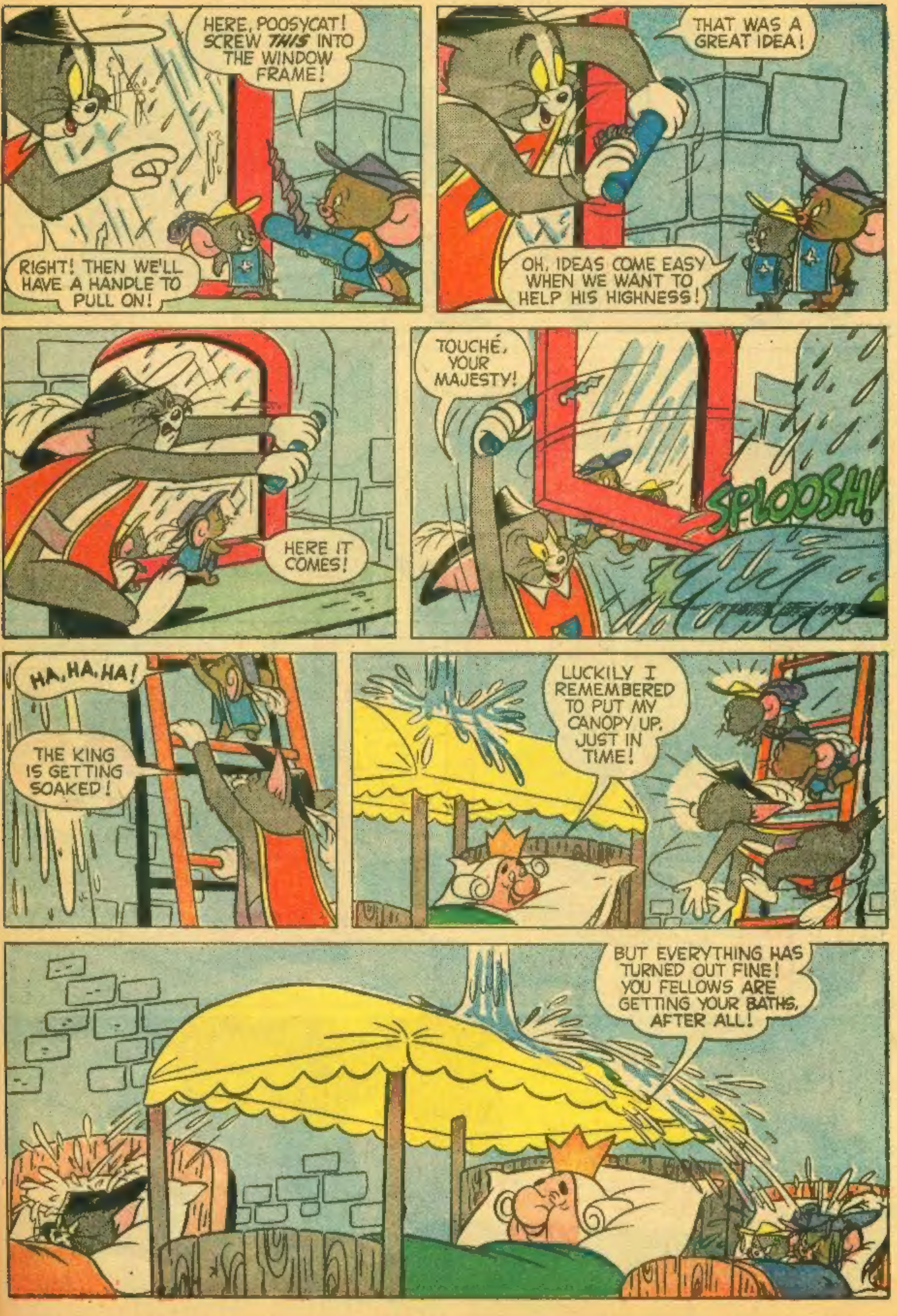


THERE *IS!* YOU POUR THE WATER FROM ONE TUB TO ANOTHER!
BUT HOW CAN WE, SIRE?
ALL THE TUBS ARE FULL!
BUT IT'S SIMPLE! I'LL SHOW YOU!
WE USE *MY* EMPTY TUB...
AND POUR ALL YOUR HOT WATER INTO IT!
LIKE COOLING COFFEE, HUH?
IT'S *STILL* TOO HOT, SO...
I POUR IT ALL BACK INTO YOUR TUBS!
IT IS ALMOST COOL ENOUGH, YOUR MAJESTY!
GOOD! ONCE MORE WILL DO IT!



NO! THAT WOULD MAKE IT TOO COOL, FOOL!
AND NOW YOU POUR IT BACK INTO OUR TUBS, YOUR HIGHNESS, AND...
AAH! IT'S JUST RIGHT NOW!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL A ROYAL ROOKING!
ALL THE HOT WATER IS GONE!
HAND ME A TOWEL!
SNAP!
BUT THESE ARE OUR TOWELS, SIRE!
NO MATTER! I'LL LET YOU USE THEM ON ME!
MUMBLE! GRUMBLE!
HERE IS THE BATH POWDER!
(MUMBLE!) UNFORTUNATELY IT IS NOT ITCHING POWDER!
NOW DON'T BE BITTER, BOYS!
YOU WANT YOUR KING TO BE COMFY, DON'T YOU?
OH, YES! (MUMBLE!) THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CONTENTED (GRUMBLE!) KING!
M'SIEUR PODSYCAT
THE MOUSE MUSKETEERS


NOW WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE, SIRE? A HOT BRICK FOR THE ROYAL FEET PERHAPS?
A LULLABY? A BEDTIME STORY?
THERE'S JUST ONE THING! OPEN A WINDOW!
HMM... A WINDOW, HUH?
THE KING'S ENTIRELY TOO COMFORTABLE – RIGHT?
OUI, M'SIEUR POOSYCAT!
HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT WINDOW TO OPEN, DID HE?
BUT, OF COURSE, WE WILL OPEN THAT ONE!
WE WANT TO KEEP OUR KING WELL, DON'T WE?
OUI! AND A COLD SHOWER AFTER A WARM BATH IS MOST INVIGORATING!
THIS WINDOW IS STUCK!
WE WILL GET SOME TOOLS!
(GRUNT!) THIS WON'T DO IT, EITHER!
BUT WE MUST NOT GIVE UP! THE KING'S HEALTH IS AT STAKE!


HERE, POOSYCAT! SCREW THIS INTO THE WINDOW FRAME!
RIGHT! THEN WE'LL HAVE A HANDLE TO PULL ON!
THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA!
OH, IDEAS COME EASY WHEN WE WANT TO HELP HIS HIGHNESS!
HERE IT COMES!
TOUCHÉ, YOUR MAJESTY!
SPLOOSH!
HA,HA,HA!
THE KING IS GETTING SOAKED!
LUCKILY I REMEMBERED TO PUT MY CANOPY UP, JUST IN TIME!
BUT EVERYTHING HAS TURNED OUT FINE! YOU FELLOWS ARE GETTING YOUR BATHS, AFTER ALL!


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NEVER play in a street or road.
NEVER run between parked cars.
NEVER run with sharp objects in hand.
NEVER chase a ball into the street.
ALWAYS play in a playground, backyard, or other approved play area.
ALWAYS clear away broken glass, rocks and other dangerous things before playing.
ALWAYS hold on with both hands when climbing.
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